

THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1829.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

MONDAY, April 27.—*Venice Preserved*; Otway.—*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

TUESDAY, April 28.—*Every One has his Fault*; Inchbald.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

WEDNESDAY, April 29.—*The Stranger*; Kotzebue.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

THURSDAY, April 30.—*Rienzi*.—*Two Wives*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

FRIDAY, May 1.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

SATURDAY, May 2.—*Charles the Twelfth*.—*Portrait of Cervantes*; Griffulhe.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

MONDAY, May 4.—*Masaniello* (first time).—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

Dramatis Personæ.—MASANIELLO (a Neapolitan Fisherman), Mr. BRAHAM; Don ALPHONZO (son of the Viceroy of Naples), Mr. T. COOKE; Lorenzo (Alphonso's Friend), Mr. LEE; Pietro, Mr. BEDFORD, Ruffino, Mr. BLAND; Moreno, Mr. YARNOLD (friends of Masaniello, and leaders of the Revolt); Selva, Mr. C. JONES; Commissioner, Mr. FENTON. Nobles, Peasants, Pages, Neapolitan Fisherman, Lazzaroni, &c. ELVIRA (Bride of Alphonzo), Miss BETTS; Fenella (Masaniello's Sister), Mademoiselle ALEXANDRINE; Inis, Miss Weston. Principal Dancers, Mr. GILBERT (from the Italian Opera House), Mr. OSCAR BYRNE, ROSA BYRNE, Misses ANGELICA, BASEKE, RYAL, &c.

The Piece opens with a grand procession of the nobility and Inhabitants of Naples to the Chapel of the Viceroy, to be present at the nup-

tials of Alphonso and Elvira ; the former makes his appearance, and after expressing his remorse for having betrayed some young female, proceeds to the chapel; the bride enters, and is about to follow him, when Fenella, the Dumb Girl of Portici, who has just escaped from prison, rushes in and claims her protection. Her appearance awakens the sympathy of Elvira, and consequently she is desirous of learning her history. Fenella replies by a variety of signs and movements, which we are to understand implies that she has been carried off by some nobleman, and betrayed. Elvira promises to protect her, and enters the chapel. After the ceremony has been concluded the nuptial pair return, and Alphonso is discovered to be Fenella's seducer. His bride upbraids and leaves him, and in the confusion that ensues, Fenella escapes ; this ends the first act. The second opens with one of the most beautiful and picturesque views we ever beheld. The scene represents the Bay of Naples, the front ground is occupied with fishermen's wives mending their nets, while the more youthful part of the community are dancing and singing, and in the distance the men are unloading the boats ; after a cheerful chorus they depart, and Masaniello enters, who is described as being gloomy and dissatisfied, on account of the absence of his sister, and the griping taxation imposed on his brethren. His worst fears for the former are presently confirmed, for his sister rushes in and describes to him the wrongs she had suffered ; her brother vows to revenge them, and calls to his comrades, who all offer him their assistance. The next scene is entirely occupied with the reconciliation of Alphonso and Elvira ; the last scene of this act is the Market-place, and one executed by Stanfield, in a manner very deserving of notice. The fishermen are already incensed in consequence of an extra tax having been imposed on their labours ; when, therefore, a party of soldiers attempt to carry off Fenella, the people attack and slay them. In the third act Alphonso and Elvira, who with difficulty had escaped from the horrid ravages committed by the fishermen, take refuge in Masaniello's hut ; they are first observed by Fenella, who, notwithstanding all the injuries she has sustained, generously affords them a shelter, and Masaniello also offers them his protection. Pietro and his comrades enter, and demand that the fugitives should be given up to them, but Masaniello refuses on account of his having promised to save them. In the midst of the confusion Moreno enters, to announce that the Viceroy has given up the keys of the city, and that the people have resolved Masaniello shall be made king. The canvass walls of the hut are drawn aside, the magistrates arrive, with the emblems of office, and place them at the feet of Masaniello, who, mounted on a white steed, accompanied with a numerous cavalcade, passes through the city. The last scene is the vestibule of the viceroy's palace, with Vesuvius in the distance. The fishermen are quaffing their wine, while Masaniello is supposed to be presiding at a banquet in the interior of the palace. Pietro then informs one of his comrades that,

fearful of the ambitious views, of Masaniello, he had mingled a potent poison with his wine. An alarm is spread that a large reinforcement of Spaniards had arrived, and the terrified multitude call aloud for "Masaniello," who at length appears, but evidently suffering from the effects of the poison. He is unconscious of his situation, and is singing snatches of old tunes; at length he is made to understand that the foe approaches, he seizes an axe and rushes forth to meet them. We shortly afterwards learn that Masaniello has fallen a sacrifice to the fury of Pietro, in consequence of his having again saved the life of Elvira. The populace are beaten back and conquered by the Spaniards, and the piece concludes with a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

This opera altogether so well answers to Voltaire's description of one that we cannot refrain from inserting it. An opera is a spectacle as wild as it is magnificent, where the ears are more gratified than the mind, and where its subservience to music renders the most ridiculous faults indispensable; where it is necessary to sing little airs at the destruction of a city; and to dance round a tomb when we see the palaces of Pluto, and of the sun, gods, demons, magicians, illusions, monsters, sumptuous edifices, built and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. We hear, nay we are charmed with these extravagances, because we are in fairy land; in short, give us but striking machinery, elegant dances, fine music, with some interesting scenes, and we desire no more. In the three last the present opera excels. Indeed Masaniello is altogether got up in a style far superior to any thing we have witnessed during Mr. Price's management. No expence has been spared (to borrow from the play bills) either in the dresses, scenery, or decorations. Having said thus much of the manager we turn to the author,* who is in this instance a very inferior person. However, there is one very great merit due to him for having introduced little or no dialogue; an example so praiseworthy, that we trust it will be followed by all his brethren, as we are entirely of Cumberland's opinion, "that it is much better, more justifiable, and infinitely more charitable to write nonsense, and set it to good music, than to write ribaldry and impose it upon good actors;" not, however, that we mean to say Mr. B. Levius' poetry is absolute nonsense, though there is one song by Mr. Cooke which may be classed under those exquisite effusions which are not unhappily styled prose run mad.

Having disposed of the author, we turn to the acting. Mr. Braham has proved himself this season, in more instances than one, to be an actor of very considerable talents; his performance this evening, of a very arduous character, was every way deserving of encomium. His wild and plaintive tones in the last scene, while murmuring broken frag-

* Mr. B. Levius, a gentleman that produced a very lively little drama at Drury-lane some years ago, called *Maid or Wife*.

ments of songs, produced a sensation on the audience similar to Miss Kelly's Ophelia.

Miss Betts executed the airs allotted to her with great skill and effect; she may be considered as a very valuable addition to the operatic corps. A Madame Alexandrine, from the Opera House at Paris, made her first appearance, and she has a pretty face, and exhibited a variety of postures which the actors kindly interpreted for us, otherwise we should exclaim, with Mungo, "me see, but me no understand." This lady, instead of being dressed as a fisherman's sister just escaped from prison, looked like a French milliner just popped out of a band-box.

Of the music we have only to observe, that it is of a fine bold description, and likely to become exceedingly popular, especially the airs* we have selected.

TUESDAY, May 5.—*Masaniello* ; B. Levius.—*Thierna-Na-Oge* ;
Planché.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

THURSDAY, May 7.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

FRIDAY, May 8.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

SATURDAY, May 9.—*Masaniello*.—*My Wife! What Wife?*

MONDAY, May 11.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

TUESDAY, May 12.—*Masaniello*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

WEDNESDAY May 13.—*Masaniello*.—*Deaf as a Post* ; Poole.—*Comfortable Lodgings* ; Peake.

THURSDAY, May 14.—*Masaniello* —*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

FRIDAY, May 15.—*Masaniello*.—*My Wife! What Wife?*

SATURDAY, May 16.—*Masaniello*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

MONDAY, May 18.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

TUESDAY, May 19.—*Masaniello*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

WEDNESDAY, May 20.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

* See Poetry.

THURSDAY, May 21.—*The Partizans, or the war of Paris in 1649* (first time); Planchè.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Mathieu Molé, President of the Parliament of Paris, Mr. COOPER; Marquis de Jarsay (Partizan of Cardinal Mazarine), Mr. JONES; Duke de Beaufort (leader of the Frondeurs), Mr. THOMPSON; Miron, Mr. C. JONES; Favier, Mr. CATHIE (colonels of the City Guard); Perinet (captain of the City Guard), Mr. WEBSTER; De Boisle, Mr. YOUNGE; Monsieur Papelard (a wealthy Mercer), Mr. LISTON; Henri (his son), Mr. J. VINING; Choux fleur (Papelard's Gardener), Mr. HUGHES; Dubois, Mr. SALTER; Blanc Mesnil, Mr. S. JONES; Novion, Mr. HOWELL (Presidents au Mortier); Bernard (the President's Swiss Porter), Mr. GATTIE; Georgette (Papelard's Niece), Miss LOVE; Genevieve de Bourbon (Duchess de Longueville), Miss ELLEN TREE; Susan, Mrs. KENDALL.

The whole of the scene is laid at Paris, and the piece is opened with a dialogue between Miron and Favier; but as these gentlemen do not afford a clear insight into the state of affairs, we had better give an account of the position France stood when the play commences. France was at this period divided into several factions; first, the King and the Court party; the Queen Regent and her adherents; the Duke de Beaufort, the leader of the Frondeurs (or the mob); the Cardinal Mazarine, a supporter of another faction, pretending to be in favour of the king and the people, but in fact entirely for his own aggrandizement; and, finally, Mathieu Molé, who also has his partizans and who is the only real patriot of the set. The first scene is entirely occupied with the above explanation, and the President upbraiding or rather bullying the Duke for his conduct. The second scene is Papelard's house. Papelard is a very prudent man, for seeing, that all the factions appear to be equally certain of success, he cannot make up his mind which side to join. He is however shortly obliged to make his election, by the arrival of the Marquis de Jarsay, who is a confidential agent of the Cardinal's. The Marquis informs him that his party are certain of success, and that the Cardinal's troops will enter Paris the following night. Papillard immediately declares for the Cardinal, the Marquis says he knew that such were his sentiments, and he has therefore appointed his house as a rendezvous for the different leaders to meet and sign the treaty which he was entrusted with by the Cardinal. The conference is interrupted by Captain Perinet being announced, to the inconceivable annoyance of Papelard, as he is one of the leaders of the Frondeurs. The Marquis is hid in the closet, and the captain enters, tells Papelard that his side also is certain of success, and prevails upon him to subscribe 3000 livres to the popular party. This act concludes with Henri, a romantic youth of 18, saving the Duchess de Longueville from the

fury of the mob, (a very unfortunate woman, for she has all parties against her, except the king,) and hiding her in his father's garden.

In the 2d Act we find the Duchess concealed in an old summer-house of Papelard's; footsteps being heard, Henri places her in a closet. His father and the Marquis enter, and the boy is ordered to withdraw, as it happens to be the very place appointed for the meeting of the various deputies. Papelard is made secretary, and these gentlemen enter, and take their seats. After every thing has been arranged to their satisfaction, they are about to depart, when the Duchess de Longueville, excited by some expression made use of by the Marquis, cannot help exclaiming "villain!" They all rush to the closet where she is concealed, when Henri enters, and taking the Marquis aside, informs him it is a slight intrigue of his, and ingeniously hints that the lady is related to one of the deputies. This idea pleases the Marquis, and he gets the gentlemen to depart, by assuring them there is no danger to be apprehended by the discovery. However, when they are gone, he insists on seeing the *incognita*. The lady appears with her mask on; the Marquis insists on her removing it; the lady declares that if she consents, she will give the alarm to the Frondeurs, who are within call, and are on the look-out for the Marquis. He of course declines the terms, and offers her a wager of 1000 crowns that her face is not worth seeing. She accepts the bet, taking a month's time to decide it, and departs unmolested. This act concludes with a very effective scene. Papilard being suspected by the popular party, Perinet and a troop rush in, and are about to convey him to the Bastile, when Georgette opens a closet, and declares she will set fire to three barrels of gunpowder ("brandy," says Papelard aside), and perish with her uncle. The Frondeurs run off with indescribable velocity, and Papelard, with his niece, escape.

In the third Act, the Duchess and Henri take refuge at the lodge of the porter of the President. They are followed by Papelard and Georgette, and also by the Marquis. The President, hearing of the Cardinal's plans, resolves immediately to seek the king, and join his party, and at once put an end to these various factions. In the mean time, the Duchess is in very great peril, as all parties are seeking her life. Henri proposes she should assume male attire, and descend from the ramparts near his father's garden, a distance of forty feet. This is the last scene. The Marquis de Jarsay wishes to send a messenger to the Cardinal, and proposes Henri, to which Papelard, with much reluctance, consents. The Duchess contrives, in Henri's dress, to pass in the gloom of the night for Henri, and is accordingly lowered by the rope, and escapes, though not, however, without being observed by the sentry, who instantly gives the alarm. The Frondeurs jump over the wall, and seize on the Marquis, Papelard, and also Henri (to the great astonishment of the father, who thought of course he was on the other side of the wall); all parties are about to be conveyed to the Bastile, when the President enters, and

announces that the king had agreed to a constitutional government, that the leaders of the Frondeurs had submitted, and that the Cardinal and his party were for ever banished France. Papelard now shouts "Long live the King," stating that he was always a firm adherent to his Majesty, though he had not expressed his opinion publicly before.

Mr. Planché is the author of this play; and we may venture to assert, that it is not only the best drama he has written, but is altogether far superior in every respect to any drama of the kind which has been produced at either of the theatres for years. The plot is ingeniously constructed, and clearly developed. The incidents are numerous and varied; the characters are well imagined, well drawn, and well kept up from the commencement to the fall of the curtain; and the comic part of the dialogue is light, easy, and agreeable, occasionally seasoned with some very happy strokes of wit, and, wonderful to relate, utterly free from the jests of Joe Miller; nor is the serious part of the language destitute of merit, though it sounds rather uncouth of the President to say he would "hang the people up like onions on a string." But "let that pass."

Of the acting, Mr. Liston is ludicrous in the extreme as the irresolute, timid mercer, and has a great many points to utter; his look when he replies to Perinet, on his accusing him of being a moderate man (a mitigator), "I a moderate man! ask my customers," was excellent; also, in the scene where he supposes his son is descending the ramparts, there was something so droll, and at the same time so natural, in his display of parental solicitude, that it would have destroyed the gravity of the most rigid disciple of Heraclitus. Mr. Jones, as the Marquis, was a happy mixture of libertinism, politics, and self-conceit, and bore himself with an air of most graceful assurance. Mr. Cooper declaimed with much energy and proper feeling, as the President; and Mr. J. Vining, as Henri, took great pains to please, and was eminently successful. Perhaps the part, on account of the age (18), would have told better, had it been assigned to a female. Miss Tree acted with great propriety, and was warmly applauded. This lady's recitation is agreeable, and very correct. Miss Love was highly entertaining in her mode of portraying the little jealousies of Georgette. The author has put in her mouth a hit at the court, which she delivered in a manner that obtained two rounds of applause. The Marquis says, "You look so fresh, that you will put the court ladies to the blush." "I thought, Sir, the ladies of the court never blushed." She has two songs allotted to her; the second obtained an encore.

The boxes were well filled, but the pit was miserably empty. The play was announced for repetition by Mr. Liston, without a dissenting voice.

FRIDAY, May 22.—*Masaniello*.—*My Wife! What Wife?*

SATURDAY, May 23.—*The Partizans*; Planché.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

MONDAY, May 25.—*Rienzi*.—*Ballet*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

TUESDAY, May 26.—*Partizans*.—*Ballet*.—*Illustrious Stranger*.

WEDNESDAY, May 27.—*Jealous Wife*; Colman.—*Masaniello*; B. Levis.
For the Benefit of Mr. Cooper, Stage Manager.
Oakley, Mr. YOUNG; Mrs. Oakley, Miss PHILLIPS.

COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, April 27.—*King John*; Shakspeare.—*Devil's Elixir*; Ball.
Mr. Warde played King John, and Miss Lacy Constance. There was nothing in the acting of either worthy of notice.

TUESDAY, April 28.—*Belle's Stratagem*; Mrs. Cowley.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

WEDNESDAY, April 29.—*Beggars' Opera*.—*Battle of Pultawa*.
Devil's Elixir.

We think it was silly of the manager to give poor Mr. Diddier the trouble of learning the part of Charles XII. as it was not "in the prospect of belief" that he would be permitted to repeat the character.

THURSDAY, April 30.—*Bold Stroke for a Wife*; Centlivre.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*; Ball.

This lady's dramas are little better than speaking harlequinades, for they contain no wit or humour, and display no nice management of plot, or striking traits of character; yet they never fail to please, from their perpetual sprightliness, the drollery of the situations, and the exhaustless variety of incidents, or rather tricks, produced apparently without effort, and dismissed without concern. We think this comedy would be far more agreeable in the representation, and we recommend it to the consideration of the managers, if the characters wore the costume of at least half a century back. Indeed their present mode of dressing is productive of numerous absurdities; for though it might not seem very *outré* at the time the comedy was first performed (1718) for Perriwinkle to appear in a habit belonging to the reign of Elizabeth; yet among our

present loose coats and trowsers, it is quite offensive. Besides, the dialogue, manners, characters, and business of the piece, are those of a century back, and of course the costume should be in keeping. Sir Philip Modelove is a perfect nondescript in his present attire. Mr. J. Reeve appeared for the first time as Perriwinkle; it was a complete fish-out-of-water affair. He was perfectly aware of this; therefore, with a very becoming modesty, gave the audience a tolerable imitation of Farren in the part. Mr. C. Kemble's performance of Colonel Feignwell is well known, and its merits duly appreciated. His Frenchman we think the least effective; no doubt from the vile dress he wears. There is nothing in mimicry can surpass his Pillage. We may talk of the Protean powers of Matthews, Yates, and Reeve; but in this instance they are completely thrown into the shade. Mrs. Chatterley played Ann Lovely in a very agreeable manner. We must not omit Mr. Fawcett's admirable personation of the Quaking hypocrite Obadiah. A most outrageous "bull" was committed in the course of the evening. Mr. C. Kemble, or one of the actors, speaks of the court of George the Fourth, and yet, in another part of the play, of the Spaniards having just raised the siege of Calcavara.

FRIDAY, May 1.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

Mrs. Pinder played Melinda, on account of the indisposition of Miss Chester.

SATURDAY, May 2.—*Jealous Wife*; Colman.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

The characters of Mrs. Oakley, Oakley, the Major, and Russet, were very well sustained by Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Blanchard.

MONDAY, May 4.—*Hamlet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.
Hamlet, Mr. C. Kemble; Ophelia, Miss Jarman.

TUESDAY, May 5.—*Sublime and Beautiful*; Morton.—*Home, sweet Home*; Pocock.—*Devil's Elixir*.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.—*Oberon*; Planché.—*Master's Rival*.

Dramatis Personæ.—Sir Colley Cowmeadow, Mr. BARTLEY; Robin, Mr. TURNOUR; Peter Shack, Mr. WRENCH; Captain Middleton, Mr. RAYMOND; Mr. Aldgate, Mr. BLANCHARD; Paul Shack, Mr. KEELEY; Barnes, Mr. MEARS; Invalid Soldier, Mr. HEATH; Tibby Postlethwaite, Mrs. GIBBS; Mrs. Aldgate, Mrs. WESTON; Amelia Aldgate, Miss J. SCOTT.

The proverb of 'There is nothing new under the Sun,' is proved to be incorrect; for here we have a farce that was completely damned at one house a few weeks ago, and played with the greatest applause at the other.

In the opera Miss Paton made her first appearance since her late indisposition. Miss Forde played Oberon for the first time, and with success.

THURSDAY, May 7.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.—*Devil's Elixir*.

FRIDAY, May 8.—*Home, sweet Home*.—*Invincibles*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

SATURDAY, May 9.—*The Maid of Judah*; Lacy.—*Master's Rival*; Peake.

MONDAY, May 11.—*Jane Shore*; Rowe.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

At length, after having refused the hands of several Princes, Dukes, and an innumerable number of commoners; after having caused a dozen suicides, and about twice as many duels; after having drawn tears from the Dutchmen's eyes, fast as the medicinal gum flows from the Arabian trees, eyes albeit unused to the melting mood; and though last not least, after having completely exhausted the stores of the puff and paragraph writers belonging to Covent Garden, Miss Smithson has appeared. We are however bound to observe, that, notwithstanding all the extravagant encomiums which have been bestowed on this lady's acting in the continental papers, her representation of *Jane Shore*, displayed in several instances, an originality of conception; and had a force and ideality about it far superior to any thing of the kind we have witnessed for years. Her acting was throughout a finished portrait of a being who by one false step had entirely damned her fame, but who, conscious of her error, endeavoured by the most sincere repentance, "that weeping minister of grace from heaven," to atone for her crime. She had evidently studied the author with great attention, as her deportment ever reminded us of the words of Gloster:

Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.

Miss Smithson was most successful in the scene where she indignantly repels the advances of Hastings, and the recognition of her husband. Indeed in the last instance she astonished and delighted every judicious spectator. Still Miss Smithson's acting appeared to us in many instances artificial and affected; but these faults we shall notice in our next review. This lady seems to have imbibed a great love for royalty on the Continent, for whenever she met with the word King,

she bestowed on it a most marked, and we may add offensive, emphasis,

“He was *my King*, my gracious master still.”

and again,

“Oh that my tongue had every grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of *KINGS*.”

Her reception was most gratifying, and she was warmly applauded in every part of the play.

Mr. C. Kemble's *Hastings* was a fine spirited piece of acting, but occasionally too overcharged. Who would suppose that the following speech was given in so vehement a tone as to obtain a burst of applause (from the Galleries).

“In vain I fly, and like a hunted deer
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert;
E'er I can reach my safety you o'ertake me,
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.”

We also did not admire his mode of delivering the following lines,

“Your Highness's pardon, have we so soon forgot, &c.”

His manner was far too argumentative, it wanted the patriotic fire of Young. In his parting with Alicia he displayed far more sensibility, and was altogether far more affecting than that actor. Dumont, Gloster, and Belmont, were played in so vile a manner, and with so little judgment, that we might suppose the stage manager had allowed Messrs Evans, Egerton, and Diddier, to draw lots for the characters. Miss Lacy was very respectable as Alicia.

TUESDAY, May 12.—*Comus*; Milton.—*Home, sweet Home*; Pocock.—*Master's Rival*; Peake.

The masque of *Comus* was revived this evening, after a repose of 15 years. Miss Coveney appeared as Euphrosyne, and executed “Bid me discourse,” in a style that proved her deserving of the high encomiums the provincial papers have passed on her singing; at the same time we cannot help thinking that the goddess of mirth might have introduced some air a little more in keeping with character, and the business of the scene; as the Lady's speech that follows would thereby be rendered explicable. But we beg pardon for obtruding such old fashioned remarks. Miss Hughes as the Lady looked very pretty, and spoke very prettily; that is she delivered the dialogue in a manner similar to Young's imitation of the Fop in *Henry IV*. She however sang “Sweet Echo,” with great power, science, and taste. Mr. C. Kemble was gay and mirthful as *Comus*, and looked and dressed the part admirably well. But in our opinion the best sustained character of the evening was the

first bacchant, by Mr. H. Phillips, who not only sung but acted the songs (if Messrs B. Taylor and J. Stansbury can comprehend the expression) with a brilliancy of style and richness of effect not to be excelled. The bacchantes were very effectively supported by Miss Byfield, Miss Forde, and Miss Goward. Great attention has been paid to the arrangement of the scenery, dresses, &c. The house was not well attended until half price.

WEDNESDAY, May 13.—*Sublime and Beautiful.—Invincibles.—Devil's Elixir.*

THURSDAY, May 14.—*Jane Shore.—Ballet —Master's Rival.*

FRIDAY, May 15.—*Recruiting Officer.—Irish Tutor.—Comus.*

SATURDAY, May 16.—*Maid of Judah.—Master's Rival.*

MONDAY, May 18.—*Romeo and Juliet, Shakspeare.—Devil's Elixir.*

Few tragedies are more admired, or more frequently performed, than the one now under consideration, at the same time there is scarcely a drama so unfortunately adapted for representation. Of course this remark is to be applied to the difficulty of procuring players in this instance to keep up that unconsciousness in the mind of the spectator that he is merely witnessing a scene of well-painted passion. To be pleased at a theatrical exhibition, the delusion must be kept up; nature only can do this. Now, how seldom, or indeed ever, do we find a Romeo or Juliet able to realize the author's conception in youth, form, and feature, and at the same time endowed with such brilliant talents as to be capable of faithfully depicting the agonizing struggles of those ill-fated lovers.

In youth and appearance Miss Philips had certainly a very decided advantage over all her contemporaries, though her talents were not sufficiently developed to fully sustain so arduous a part; and, very likely, by the time they are matured she will fall in the same predicament as the other representatives. Though Miss Smithson's appearance was not altogether calculated to keep up the illusion of the scene, her acting was in several instances so powerful as to almost compensate for that defect.

There are certain *points* in this character which have been made time out of mind: it would therefore be a work of supererogation to enter into any minute detail of the performance. In fact, this tragedy has been so frequently performed that it would be impossible for an actress, however talented, to strike out any thing new.

We are happy to state that the newspaper critics have changed their

opinion of this lady's acting. Her Jane Shore was almost universally condemned, and many stated that her acting had undergone little or no improvement by her sojourn on the continent. She is now, however, considered by most of the leading papers to be a very valuable acquisition to the Covent Garden company. We should like to see this lady in Isabella, Belvidera, or some character that has not been quite so hacknied as Juliet; but unfortunately, the company of this theatre cannot boast of one second-rate actor for tragedy since the disappearance of Mr. Warde—

“ Oh, Shame! where is thy blush?”

Mr. Charles Kemble performed Romeo with his usual ability.

It is a pity that the necessities of the theatre should force Mr. Wrench to appear in the character of Mercutio. We know there is but one actor at Covent Garden could play the character better; at the same time there are very few actors in England could play it much worse.

TUESDAY, May 19.—*Maid of Judah.—Master's Rival.*

WEDNESDAY, May 20 —*Suspicious Husband*; Hoadley.—*Ballet — Invincibles.* For the benefit of Mr. C. Kemble.

Previous to the commencement of the comedy, Mademoiselle Sontag and her sister Nina sung in character the principal scene of the second act of Freischutz. Mr. C. Kemble played Ranger with great spirit. The House was crowded in every part, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

THURSDAY, May 21.—*Home, sweet Home.—Sublime and Beautiful.—Devil's Elixir.*

FRIDAY, May 22.—*Lionel and Clarissa*; Bickerstaff.—*Matrimony*, Kenny.—*Invincibles*; Morton. For the benefit of Madame Vestris.

The opera was very strongly cast.

Sir John Flowerdale, Mr. BARTLEY; Jessamy, Mr. GREEN; Harman, Mr. DURUSET; Colonel Oldboy, Mr. FAWCETT; Jenkins, Mr. J. ISAACS; Lionel, Mr. WOOD; Clarissa, Miss PATON; Lady Mary Oldboy, Mrs. DAVENPORT; Jenny, Miss GOWARD; Diana, Madame VESTRIS.

In the interlude Madame Vestris performed Mrs. Jordan's favourite character of Clara, and Mr. Charles Kemble Elliston's part of Delaval. The house was crowded to excess.

SATURDAY, May 23.—*Maid of Judah.—Master's Rival.*

MONDAY, May 25.—*Romeo and Juliet.—Devil's Elixir.*

TUESDAY, May 26.—*Maid of Judah.*—*Master's Rival.*

WEDNESDAY May 27.—*Castle of Andalusia*; O'Keefe.—*Charles the Second*; Payne.

For the Benefit of the Printer's Pension Society.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. Mathews commenced his tenth annual entertainment. It is entitled the Spring Meeting. Mr. Mathews, like some of our anatomists, is in want of a subject, and after hearing a variety of proposals from his friends, at length determines on a trip to Newmarket. While arranging for his departure Dr. Cullender is announced, who is a portrait, or rather caricature, of that very worthy man, Dr. Kitchener, who, as our readers are aware, was a complete "*Atall*." He agrees to accompany Mr. Mathews, also a Mr. Rattle, an auto-biographer in embryo, or recollector of what will be, not writing a life he would live, but living a life he might write. The quartette is made up by Mr. Humanity Stubbs, whose Christian-name well implies his habits, and whose constant phrase is, "I must say one thing, and I don't mean another." After some amusing adventures in Tottenham-court-road, the party arrive at the White Hart at Epping, which is kept by Bob Merington, who had been an actor very great in *Old Pickle* in the *Spoiled Child*, and *Endless* in *No Song No Supper*; because in one he eat a chicken and in the other a leg of lamb. He was a useful man, and would always undertake an "eating part" at a "short notice:"—like Cardinal Wolsey, he was a man of inordinate appetite. There they dine. The dinner of course displeases the Doctor, who describes the pancakes as fried flannel, and the greens as sopped umbrellas. Proceeding on their journey they overtake a steam-coach, to the delight of Rattle, who expects he shall gain thereby an incident for his life. At every gate there is a dispute between the turnpike-man and the conductor, who refuses to pay, as he is drawn by the four "elephants," and there is nothing on the gate but "hosses, mules, hasses, and oxin." They proceed at a good rate for some miles; but their pace is gradually slackened from a boil to a simmer, and then to a total stop, for the fact is, they had burnt themselves out. This part concludes with a very lively song, called *Doncaster Races*.

The second part opens with an anecdote of Humanity Stubbs flapping the flies off a poor old waggon-horse without a tail, and finally cutting off his own pigtail and tying it to the horse's rump. The next incident is a ship-launch at Woolwich, described in a song; after which

he pays a visit to Mr. Moritza, a jilted German who had made four attempts on his life through having been rejected by his love Wilhelmina, which we give in his own words:—"Oh, my Wilhelmina! den I set down and drink seven bots of stout brown, and smoke seven pipes; den I drink a seven ounce phial of laudanum, and tie a rope round my neck, and throw myself into de sea; and I load my pistols two loads up to de muslins; den I sit down and take my pistols, and draw de trigger—hem! Oh! my Wilhelmina! but de fact vas, I overkilt myself—de pistol only shot off de tip of my ear—de rope would not strangle me, and de sea made me sick, and I throw up de laudanum; so I must live and tink of my Wilhelmina."

The next is a travelling anecdote, where an imitation is given of Mr. Brougham, which is not, however, remarkably correct. After a song entitled the Lord Mayor's Day, we have a little anecdote from our old friend the Scotch Lady. The entertainment concludes with a song called Country Concerts, in which very clever imitations are given of English and foreign singers, while a band composed of moveable paste-board musicians led by Mr. Mathews, produced roars of laughter. This entertainment is altogether fully equal to any we have witnessed of Mr. Mathews of late years, and this is saying all that is necessary.

Between the two parts of the Spring Meeting, Mr. Yates makes his appearance in a slight sketch called "Love among the Lawyers, or Courting in Court." On reading the title in the Bills, we had hoped and expected to have met with something similar in wit and humour to that very laughable sketch of a trial by George Steevens, called "Bullem versus Boatem;" but the present is a poor dish of stale puns and extravagant jokes. The entertainments conclude with a monologue, called "Harlequin and Mr. Jenkins, or Pantomime in the Parlour," in which eight characters are very effectively sustained by Mr. Yates, who changed his dresses with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. The house has been crammed to the ceiling every night of the performance.

We believe these entertainments are the joint produce of Mr. Hood and Mr. Moncrieff.

SURREY THEATRE.

The performances at this theatre during the past month have been of a very varied and entertaining description. On the 1st of May, Elliston played Harry Dornton, for the benefit of the London Benevolent Institution. Goldfinch was very effectively sustained by Mr. Wynne, and Sophia with much characteristic humour by Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Mr. Elliston has been playing most of his favourite characters. We advise our

readers by all means to go and see his Falstaff; it is an admirable piece of acting, and we think far excels all his competitors. Elliston has the round good-humoured face and the rich leer of the eye, that we could fancy the poet's imagination revelled in when drawing the character.

May 8.—A Miss Absolon appeared as Meadows, in *Love in a Village*. She has a pretty figure, and executed a variety of songs in a manner that reflected great credit on her musical instructor, Mr. A. Lee.

15th.—A new burlesque was performed, entitled *King, Queen, and Knave*. The story turns upon the jealousy of the Queen of St. Mary Axe, on account of her royal consort being enamoured with a bar-maid. She therefore conspires with some lords of the court to poison his Majesty with a bottle of Wright's champagne. He however overhears the plot, and exchanges it for a pot of porter, and the Queen and the conspirators fall into their own snare. Burlesque is by far the most difficult species of dramatic writing; for it has no medium. The author must possess an amazing share of wit and humour, or his dialogue sinks into downright vulgarity and utter nonsense. Such is the case with the present production.—On Wednesday the 20th, a Mr. Rumball of the Norwich company performed Hamlet with great applause. He is announced for Lear. We shall attend his performance.—21st. A young lady made her *debüt* as Carlos, in the *Duenna*.—23d. Mr. Elliston performed Ranger. Here this great actor is completely at home. Charles Kemble has all the easy politeness and gentlemanly assurance necessary for the character; but the whim and eccentricity of Ranger can now only, since the death of Lewis, be hit off by Elliston. The other characters were all very effectively sustained, particularly Clarinda, by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Frankly, by Mr. Wynne.

COBURG THEATRE.

MONDAY, April 27.—A new drama was produced, entitled *The Matron of Palermo*. The plot and incidents are of a nature truly calculated to please the general frequenters of this theatre. Prince Rosoria (Mr. E. L. Lewis) has taken a liking to Elvira, Rinaldo's wife, and therefore very naturally wishes to get the husband out of the way; this he contrives to do by sending him on a message to some distant quarter of the globe, and then prevails on the lady (Mrs. Bailey), by a forged document of his death, to become his wife. The husband, however, returns to his native land, and finding how his affairs are situated, joins a company of banditti. The piece opens with Rinaldo resolving among his comrades the murder of the prince, and avowing his determination of seeking the castle, to gain an interview with his child, a girl of about

eight years old (for we forgot to observe he had left one behind). This he contrives to do in the disguise of a friar, and discovering himself to his daughter (Miss Grove), induces her to accompany him to his haunt. The prince is decoyed from his servants to a lone hut in the forest, and is there murdered by Rinaldo, the child at the same time observing it through an aperture in the wall. The child afterwards returns to the castle, and from an unfortunate propensity to somnambulism, gets out of the castle window, walks across a narrow bridge situated over a roaring torrent, to the very hut where the murder has been committed, and being followed by the domestics, the murderer is discovered.

No doubt many of our readers are surprised we should take the trouble to describe such vile trash; but some of our correspondents are so unreasonable as to ask us to give the plot of every new production. We have obliged them in this instance, in order to convince them of the absurdity of their request. A Mrs. Bailey from Bath made her first appearance. She not only possesses a fine figure, but, as far as we can judge, a very handsome face. Her acting was far more sensible than the character deserved. Mr. Cobham was rather too boisterous. Mr. Sloman is a very extraordinary actor; his style never varies, and yet rarely tires.

MONDAY, May 3.—*Masaniello; or, the Dumb Girl of Portici*. This production varies but little from the one now playing at Drury Lane. Mr. Cobham sustained the hero with great effect, and Miss Watson looked very interesting, and moved very gracefully, as the Dumb Girl.

Mr. Davidge, the proprietor, has very generously granted the free use of his theatre for a benefit to the Minor Theatrical Fund. Tuesday the 2d of June is the day appointed, on which occasion a number of professionals will appear.

MONDAY, May 10.—A new drama called *Peter the Cruel*, founded on the romance of the Castellan's Oath.

May 17.—An historical drama called *The Signal Fire; or, the Fortress of Kingratz*.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The Storming of Seringapatam continues to draw full houses. *Masaniello* has been produced here with great success. The dumb girl is made the daughter, instead of the sister, of the fisherman, which adds considerably to the interest of the drama. The hero is very ably sustained by Mr. Gomersal. Les Alcides, the Frenchmen who very narrowly escaped breaking their necks at Drury Lane, are engaged here.

VOLTAIRE ON THE UNITIES.

The principles of those arts which depend on the imagination are all easy and simple, all drawn from nature and reason. The Pradons and the Boyers were acquainted with them, as well as the Corneilles and the Racines. The only difference has, and always will, consist in the application. The vilest composers had the same rules of music, as the authors of *Armida* and *Isse*. Poussin and Vignon worked upon the same principles.

The French were the first amongst modern nations who revived those wise rules of the stage. Others were a long time unwilling to receive a yoke which seemed so severe ; but as this restraint was just, and reason finally triumphed over all opposition, in due time they likewise submitted.

Had I nothing else to say in favour of the rules than that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Addison, Congreve, Maffei, observed the laws of the drama, it ought effectually to stop the career of every one who has an inclination to violate them.

What is a dramatic piece ? the representation of one action. Why of one only and not of two or three ? because the human mind cannot take in many objects at once ; because the interest which is divided is soon destroyed ; because we are offended at seeing even in a picture two different events ; and, finally, because nature has taught us this receipt, which ought to be as immutable as herself. The unity of place is essential for the same reason, for one single action cannot be transacting in many places at the same time. If the personages I see are at Athens in the first act, how can they be in Persia in the second ? Has *Le Brun* painted Alexander at Arbela and in the Indies on the same canvas ? I should not at all wonder. Mr. De la Motte ingeniously says, " If a nation, sensible, but not a friend to rules, should reconcile itself to see *Coriolanus* condemned at Rome in the first act, received by the *Volsci* in the third, and besieging Rome in the fourth, &c." In the first place I cannot conceive a sensible and enlightened people not to be a friend to rules derived from good sense, and calculated for their pleasure ; secondly is it not manifest that there would in this case be three different tragedies ? and that such a design, were it executed in the finest poetry, would, after all, be nothing more than a piece of *Jodelle's* or *Hardy's* versified by a skilful modern ?

The unity of time is naturally joined to the two others ; of which the following is, I think, a very striking proof. I am present at a tragedy, that is to say, at the representation of an action ; the subject is the accomplishment of this one action. A conspiracy is formed against Augustus at Rome ; I wish to know what is about to happen to Augustus and the conspirators. If the poet makes the action continue

fifteen days, he ought to inform me of what has passed during that time ; for I come there to be informed of what passes, and nothing should happen without some use. If, therefore, the events of fifteen different days be represented, there must at least be fifteen different actions, however unimportant they may be ; and then it is no longer the completion of the conspiracy only (to which we ought rapidly to proceed), but a tedious history, which interests no more, because it ceases to be lively, and because all its parts are far distant from the decisive moment of which alone I am in expectation. I did not come to the theatre to hear the history of a hero, but to see one single event of his life. Besides, the spectator is at the theatre but three hours ; the action therefore should continue no longer ; and this rule is observed in *Cinna*, *Andromache*, *Bajazet*, in the *Œdipus* of the great Corneille, of Mr. de la Motte, and (if I may presume to mention it) in my own. If some other plays require longer time, it is a licence which their beauties only can excuse, and the greater the licence is, the more it deserves to be blamed.

The unity of time is often extended to twenty-four hours, and the unity of place to the circumference of a palace. The treatment of some beautiful subjects would be rendered impracticable by greater strictness, and a way would be opened to excessive abuses by more indulgence. For were it once established, that a theatrical action might continue two days, it would perhaps be extended by one author to two and by another to two years ; and if the place of the scene was not fixed to a limited spot, we might soon see tragedies like the *Julius Cæsar* of the English, where Brutus and Cassius are at Rome in the first act, and in Thessaly in the fifth.

A submission to these laws not only prevents faults, but produces real beauties ; as an exact adherence to the rules of fine architecture necessarily composes a building pleasing to the eye. When the unities of time, action, and place are preserved, we must grant that it is very difficult for a play not to be simple. To this all Racine's dramatic works owe their merit ; and this is what was required by Aristotle. Mr. De la Motte, in his defence of a tragedy written by himself, prefers a great number of events to this noble simplicity, and thinks his opinion supported by the little value which was set upon *Berenice*, and the estimation in which the *Cid* still continues. The *Cid*, it is true, is more affecting than *Berenice* ; but *Berenice* is censurable only because it is rather an elegy than a simple tragedy ; and the *Cid*, of which the action is truly tragical, does not owe its success to the multiplicity of events, but pleases in spite of this multiplicity ; as it affects, not on account of, but in spite of, the *infanta*. Mr. De la Motte imagines that we may rise superior to all these rules by an adherence to the unity of interest, which he tells us was his own invention, and stiles a paradox. But the unity of interest, in my opinion, is nothing but the unity of action. "If many personages," says he, "are differently interested in the same

event, and all deserve that I should enter into their feelings, this creates an unity of action, and not of interest." Since I took the liberty of adducing my arguments against Mr. De la Motte on this little point in dispute, I have re-perused the Discourse of Corneille on the Three Unities. The opinion of that great master is much better worth attending to than mine. Observe how he expresses himself:—"I maintain, then, and I have said it before, that the unity of action consists in the unity of the plot and the unity of the danger." Let the reader examine this passage of Corneille, and he will soon be able to decide between Mr. De la Motte and me; and though an authority of such consequence should not prove me to be in the right, is there not still a more convincing argument, namely, experience? In perusing the best French tragedies, we shall see that the capital characters are differently interested, but all these different interests refer to that of the principal character. If they are not lines terminating in one common centre, the interest will be double, and that which on the stage is called action, will be so likewise.

MISCELLANIES.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a most promising young actress, whose talents in tragedy as well as comedy, are of the first order. She is the daughter of an officer in the army, under the assumed name of Mordaunt: her family connexions rank high in society, and we have no doubt, from the general admiration of her superior elegance of manner, and the conspicuous talents which have been exhibited by her the last season at the Southampton and Portsmouth Theatres, that she will become one of the most brilliant stars in the drama of the present day.

The following account of the Dutch Hamlet will no doubt prove acceptable to many of our readers, and at the same time will relieve that nation from the various imputations (see the daily papers when speaking of Miss Smithson) which have been cast against their literary taste and judgment.

"The Dutch Hamlet is almost a literal translation of the German, but differs importantly from the English in fable and character.

"The story is simply this:—The king of Denmark has been poisoned by a favourite of the queen; and that princess, in the headlong violence of her passion, consented to the death of her husband, and promised to reward his murderer with her hand and crown. The piece opens immediately after the commission of this bloody deed; and the first scene is allotted to the assassin, and a friend, who is confidential, and indeed an accomplice in the villainy. In the second scene a discovery of the murder is made to the queen by the lover, who claims his recompence,

which, 'from the punctuious visitings of nature,' is refused. Many high-wrought sentiments are given by the royal self-made widow, to justify a breach of her wicked promise, and to determine on throwing the whole regal power into the hands of her son Hamlet. This resolution she maintains so steadily, that her lover (Clodius), the murderer, is converted into her most inveterate enemy.

"Various scenes of severe distress ensue. An interview takes place betwixt young Hamlet and his mother, in which the conscience of the latter impels her to relate her share in the death of her husband to the former, who has been apprized by his father's ghost of the horrid deed. This ghost is said to haunt him every where, but does not make its public appearance.

"The Dutch Ophelia is the daughter of the murderer, Clodius—of course the same principle that prevents the queen mother from an union with the assassin of her husband, destroys the intended nuptials betwixt Ophelia and Hamlet. Hereupon the virtuous sacrifices of passion to principle produce several very tender and affecting scenes. The filial piety of Hamlet, and the constitutional melancholy so exquisitely touched by Shakspeare, are by no means feebly supported by the German poet, or by the Dutch translator. The introduction of a sacred vase, in which are deposited the ashes of the poisoned monarch, is very happily brought on, and the addresses of the pious and heart-wounded son to it, press closely on the softest and best passions of our nature. In the midst of these addresses of Hamlet to the ashes of his father, the queen enters, and her son, wrought to agony, goes up to her, and with the outraged feelings of a son so situated, asks, *Where is my father?* On her refusing to answer which question, he leads her to the urn, and in the same style of eloquent brevity exclaims—See, mother—here is all you have left me of him!

"This calls forth all the passions of a son, and all the penitence of a mother. The latter implores her death, the former attempts it; the dagger is pointed at her bosom; the parent kneels to receive, the child to give the blow; but by a powerful working of nature, the son falls into the embraces of his mother, wholly disarmed. They rise together, and Hamlet, unable to execute his purpose, rushes away, exclaiming, 'The wife has killed her husband, and my father, it is true; but the mother must not be murdered by the son.'

"The fate of this unhappy princess is with more natural justice consigned by the Austrian Bard to the hand of her lover. The guilty Clodius, failing in the attempt to destroy Hamlet, is himself stabbed by that prince, and the piece concludes with Hamlet's resolution to prefer life to death for the sake of virtue and the good of his subjects."

A SHORT DISSERTATION ON RANTING.

"The warm, the passionate parts of tragedy, are always most taking with an audience; for which reason we often see players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts which the author writ with the greatest temper, and designed they should have been so acted." *Addison*.

According to Homer, it was Æschylus who first taught the *magnum loqui*, or the rant, and as that preceptor was called the father of the

stage seven eighths of our actors, in and out of London, retain so violent an esteem for antiquity, that they follow up with the deepest enthusiasm that noble lesson of their great ancestor's.

However offensive the *rant* may be to some hearers, or indeed dangerous (for we really have trembled for the tympanum of many of our delicate actresses when they have been standing near Mr. ——— or Mr. ———, or some other robustious fellow, tearing a passion to tatters), it may be justly styled a great, a magnanimous method of pronunciation; "it elevates, it surprises;" it alarms the ears, it rouses the sleeping senses, and it awakens the most stupid into attention. Don Lewis, in "Love Makes a Man," declares he loves to hear Carlos speak Greek, though the old gentleman does not understand a word of the language; but what then "Charles thunders it out so loftily!" In that he speaks the opinion of the moiety of every theatric audience in the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Let the most delicate actor meet Desdemona, and with the most tender address pronounce,

"Oh my fair warrior, &c."

would he equally please his auditors, interest his auditors, or be applauded by his auditors, as when he rantingly bellows out,

"Villain! be sure thou prove my love, &c."

These are the lofty speeches which reach to the deepest recesses of Olympus, splitting the ear of the most drowsy god. That there are numerous passages in the drama which require unusual force in delivering, is a fact we do not attempt to deny, as in the one above quoted; but unfortunately our players will not reserve their lungs for these noisy speeches. We could bring innumerable instances of actors indulging in this fault; we heard a Jaffier not very long ago deliver the following sentence,

"What! be a devil and take a damning oath
For shedding native blood? Can their be sin
In merciful repentance?"

in a tone loud enough to shake Heaven's conclave. If our readers wish for any more instances, they may find plenty in our Theatrical Journal.

The rant, however false in nature, is true in stage policy; for as there are some persons so deaf they can only hear amidst a great noise, others there are who are so dull they cannot fancy any thing but a great noise worth attending to. The organs of the body are like the component parts of an instrument, when you can make unison you may easily perceive the contact, and as, according to Aristotle, most persons only judge by their eyes and ears, we can very easily account for many people preferring Italian Operas, Pantomines, and Melodrames, to the works of Shakspeare, Jonson, or Congreve.

•• Æschylus is the father of Greek Tragedy, and exhibits both the beauties and the defects of an early original writer. He is bold, nervous, and animated, but very obscure, and difficult to be understood, partly by reason of the incorrect state in which we have his works (they having suffered more by time than any of the ancient tragedians), and partly on account of the nature of his style, which is crowded with metaphors of the harsh and timid. He abounds with martial ideas and descriptions; he has much fire and elevation, less of tenderness and force; he delights in the marvellous. The ghost of Darius, in the *Persæ*; the inspiration of Cassandra, in *Agamemnon*; and the songs of the furies in the *Euminides*, are beautiful in their kind, and strongly expressive of his genius.

Luther's Opinion of Comedies.—Luther strongly recommended the acting of comedies even in schools, and he thought them capable of edifying young persons. "In comedies," observed Luther, "particularly in those of the Roman writers, the duties of the various situations of life are held out to view, and, as it were, reflected from a mirror. The office of parent and the proper conduct of children, are faithfully delineated; and, what to young men may be advantageous, the vices and characters of profligate women are exhibited in their true colours. Excellent lessons are given to them how they should conduct themselves towards virtuous women in courtship. Strong exhortations to matrimony are brought forward, without which no government can subsist. Celibacy is the plague of any nation. Although," continues Luther, "in some comedies licentious passages are introduced, yet they ought not to deter a Christian from reading them. For the Bible itself is not without indelicate descriptions."

REVIEWS.

Home Sweet Home.

We beg to apologize to Mr. Pocock for having entertained so humble an opinion of his modesty. We have already wasted so much time, patience, and paper, on this production, that we are tired of the subject. We cannot however refrain from giving our readers the following morceau as a sort of *bonne bouche*:

"Though I am little I'm a good un,
Every day my love increases;
Why should I eat humble pudding
Just as cruel woman pleases."

Wilkes said to Mrs. Centlivre, after reading "*A Bold Stroke for a Wife*," the play would not only be damn'd, but she herself would be damn'd for writing it. What would he have said to Mr. Pocock after reading "*Home, sweet Home?*"

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

(Formerly Miss Farren.)

In FARREN we behold, with grace combin'd,
 The features and the form to shew the mind;
 In every motion fashion stands confess'd,
 Fashion by sensibility possess'd.
 Clear and correct, veracious and at ease,
 Skill'd e'en to make her very silence please;
 Attentive to give business to the scene,
 By thought that adds intelligence to mien.
 Her eye, her action, dart, with lively force,
 Sense from her mind, and passion from its source.

This lady's father was a surgeon in Cork, but an early fondness for the drama induced him to quit that city, and join a company of strolling players.

At Tewkesbury he married, and after having had the satisfaction of seeing his wife produce three daughters and a son, died, leaving his widow and children in a state of extreme indigence. After undergoing many privations, Mrs. Farren obtained a situation for herself and children in Mr. Younger's company at Liverpool. The second daughter, the subject of our present memoir, was born in the year 1759. Miss Elizabeth Farren made her *débüt* in the above city about the age of fifteen, as Rosetta, in "Love in a Village." She performed this and many other characters with great success. By the kindness of Mr. Younger, the manager, she obtained a letter of introduction to the elder Colman, at whose theatre in the Haymarket she appeared in the summer of 1777. The late celebrated Mr. Henderson also appeared that season. Her success was so considerable, that she was engaged at Covent Garden, where she performed tragedy with the late Mr. Digges. She afterwards became a member of Drury Lane, and sustained the tragic heroines, such as Juliet, the Fair Circassian, &c. with great and merited applause; and in comedy was only considered inferior to Mrs. Abingdon; and on the departure of that lady to Covent Garden, she took the lead in comedy as well. It was about this period of her fame that the celebrated Charles Fox was observed to pay her most particular attention, frequently dangling whole evenings behind the scenes for the sake of her company; but finding these attentions not meeting the success he anticipated, he gave up the pursuit to Lord Derby, who took every means in his power to promote her interest. He induced Lady Thompson and

Lady Johnson to become her patronesses; by which means she was enabled to move in the first circles, and she became anxious to rival those of the highest rank and fortune in every female and polite accomplishment; and so indefatigable were the pains the lady took to improve, that Miss Farren was justly considered as a finished pattern of female elegance and fashion. The platonic affection that was said to exist between Miss Farren and Lord Derby was of course productive of a great many squibs, &c. among the would-be-wits and idlers about town; but their conduct was so guarded as to be free from the aspersions of the most censorious or malicious. When the Duke of Richmond had private plays performed at his house in Privy Gardens, Miss Farren was appointed to preside over the stage business; which employment introduced her to most of the nobility of the kingdom, and thereby gave her an importance unknown to any of her theatrical contemporaries.

Miss Farren took her farewell of the public at Drury Lane, on the 7th of April, 1797, in the character of Lady Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*, on which occasion the house actually overflowed. Towards the conclusion of the play she appeared to be much affected, and when Mr. Wroughton came forward to speak some lines which were written on the occasion, her emotions increased to such a degree, that she was under the necessity of receiving support from Mr. King. The fall of the curtain was attended with repeated bursts of applause, not unmingled with feelings of regret, for the loss of an actress, then in the zenith of her charms, and while her dramatic reputation was in the highest esteem of the public. On the 8th of May following, then in her 38th year, she was married to Lord Derby by special licence, at his lordship's house in Grosvenor-square; his lordship's wife, the only obstacle to their union, being no more.

We cannot better conclude this brief Memoir of Lady Derby, than by extracting the following account of her from a late celebrated dramatic publication:

"It might be sufficient praise to say of Miss Farren's performances, if she had never deviated from the walk for which art as well as nature designed her; it might, perhaps, be sufficient praise to say, that were we to collect every idea which has been suggested to us by books, or has been the result of our own observations on life, assisted by all that the imagination could conceive of a woman of fashion; we should find every idea realized, and every conception embodied in the person and acting of Miss Farren; her figure is considerably above the middle height, and is of that slight texture which allows and requires the use of full and flowing drapery, an advantage of which she well knows how to avail herself;—her face, though not regularly beautiful, is animated and prepossessing; her eye, which is blue and penetrating, is a powerful feature when she chooses to employ it on the public, and either flashes with spirit or melts with softness, as its mistress de-

cides on the expression she wishes to convey;—her voice we never thought to possess much sweetness, but it is refined and feminine; and her smiles, of which she is no niggard, fascinate the heart as much as her form delights the eye. In short, a more complete exhibition of graces and accomplishments never presented itself for admiration before the view of an audience.

“To this enumeration of personal charms, we have to add the list of her talents. It is not wise, indeed, to separate them, they are mutually benefited and improved by each other. *Dant simul et accipiunt.* A rarer combination of nature and art to qualify their favourite for the assumption of the principal characters in the higher comedy has not been known; she possesses ease, vivacity, spirit, and humour: and her performances are so little injured by effort, that we have often experienced a delusion of the senses, and imagined, what in a theatre it is so difficult to imagine, the scene of action to be identified, and Miss Farren really the character she was only attempting to sustain;—we cannot admit the supposition even, that St. James’s ever displayed superior evidence of fine breeding than Miss Farren has often done in her own person.”

Lady Derby died April the 22d and was buried in the family-vault at Ormskirk on the 30th.

MEMOIR OF MISS GOWARD.

We in our last unfortunately made a promise to give a memoir of this very lively and agreeable actress. We say unfortunately on account of the matter afforded us (her biographers) being so exceedingly scanty.

This Lady has met with few vicissitudes in life, has encountered no romantic adventures, but has moved along the beaten track of her existence as we or any common place biographers may have done; her life, since she first appeared on the stage, has been one scene of gradual improvement, therefore to minutely detail it would be to paint a picture of one colour, or to write a play without plot or incidents.

Miss Goward was born at Ipswich in Suffolk. Her father was a highly respectable tradesman of that town. For what cause she was induced to turn to the stage for a livelihood we know not; she however made so successful a *debut* at Ipswich that she was shortly afterwards engaged at the Hull Theatre, where she sustained for two or three years a highly respectable situation both as an actress and vocalist. In the Summer of 1825 she was engaged by Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the English Opera House, and accordingly made her appearance that season in the very opposite characters of Rosina (in the opera of that name), and Little Pickle in the Spoilt Child, where she equally de-

lighted the audience with the pathos and simplicity with which she executed the delightful melodies of *Shield* in the opera, as by the whim, the sprightliness, and the vivacity, she displayed in the hero of the farce. Her acting, by many of the critics, was considered to border so closely on Miss Kelly's that she was thought to be a pupil of that Lady's. She has since however proved herself in a variety of characters to be perfectly original in her style of acting.

At the commencement of the present season it was reported, in several of the papers, that a union had taken place between Miss Goward and that highly meritorious actor Mr. Keeley. The marriage however, we suppose, "for sundry weighty reasons" has not yet been publicly announced. Perhaps there are some of our readers who expect we should give them a full account of Mr. Keeley's wooing (indeed we have received some letters to that effect); but by "what charms, what conjuration, or what mighty magic," he "thrived in this fair lady's love," not having heard his course of wooing, we confess our ignorance. But this is certain (so we understand from unquestionable authority), that he has not only wooed but won the lady.

Miss Goward is well skilled in the science of music, is a pleasing singer, and possessed of genius that is displayed to considerable advantage in the lighter parts of comedy, as well as the broader parts of opera and farce. She may therefore be accounted a very valuable member of the Covent Garden Company. Among her many successful characters we must notice her *Lucy* in the *Beggar's Opera*, and *Madge* in *Love in a Village*; in the former she hits off the manners of that jealous termagant to the very life. She has also played *Clari* at Covent Garden, which was a performance by no means devoid of merit.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

Saturday May 2. Madame Caradori Allan appeared for the second time on Saturday night to a crowded and brilliant house. This lady is a most charming singer, possessing all the flexibility of voice, and power of execution of Madame Catalani, with a sweetness and elegance of style peculiarly her own. She does not strike or astonish. She gets through the most difficult passages without effort or display, and her performance is characterised by the same smiling, solacing

calmness that lights up and gives expression to her fair and beautiful countenance. We had another novelty in the appearance of Miss I. Paton, the sister of the admired, delightful, and lovely Lady William Lenox. This young lady is yet evidently new to the stage, and has much to learn, but she promises fair to acquire the highest rank in her profession, and she has judiciously chosen a line in which, from her natural grace, taste, and animation, she must eventually succeed. She played *Albina Mandeville* in *The Will*, and *Mariann* in *The Citizen*.

Monday May 4th. Mr. Kean, sen. appeared for the first time these three years; the house was filled principally with persons anxious to testify their joy at his recovery from his late serious indisposition. The play selected was the Merchant of Venice. He was enthusiastically cheered upon his entrance, and we were gratified to perceive that, although his late illness had evidently pressed heavily on his frame, it did not prevent him exhibiting in their fullest force, his great and peculiar abilities so often and so effectively excited in that part. Mr. Kean jun. played Bassanio; Miss Huddart's Portia was much applauded.

Thursday May 7. Douglas. Miss Huddart's Lady Randolph drew down reiterated applause; throughout her most interesting performance that accomplished young lady carried the feelings of the audience with her, and rivetted their attention. Mr. Elrington made the most of Glenarvon, and Mr. Kean, jun. was warmly applauded in young Norval.

Monday May 11. Mr. Kean, sen. was announced to play the part of Sir Giles Overreach, but was too indisposed to appear. His son played Sir Edward Mortimer, and was much applauded.

Miss I. Paton is spoken very highly of by all the Dublin critics; she has played Rosalind, Lady Teazle, &c. with great success.

May 16. Mr. H. Johnson, once the greatest favourite Dublin ever had, appeared at this theatre, after an absence of 15 years, in the characters of Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, and Rugantino. Mr. Johnson still possesses all that vigour, fire, and energy; all that tact and knowledge of dramatic effect which raised him to the very first grade in that particular line of his profession that he was remarkable for, even in his boyish days, and his engagement here will afford the lovers of melo-drame an opportunity of witnessing that species of the drama to peculiar advantage.

Monday May 18th. Mr. Kean has recovered from his second indisposition, and played Sir Giles with great effect.

CORK.

Mr. Henry Johnson is performing at this theatre. On Monday the 4th Madame Catalani took her benefit, before an overflowing audience. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of her reception at Cork.

EDINBURGH.

Mr. T. Cooke is playing here with great success. This actor in his peculiar performance is certainly unrivalled.

LIVERPOOL.

This theatre opened on Monday the 18th with the play of *Henry the Fourth* and the farce of the *Invincibles*. The play was thus cast: Falstaff, Mr. Dowton; Prince of Wales, Mr. F. Vining; Hotspur, Mr. Vandenhoff.

Tuesday. Miss F. H. Kelly appeared as Lady Teazle, and Mr. Rayner as Giles.

NORWICH.

With the exception of the manager's night, and Mr. Burton's, the benefits have not hitherto proved so productive as the respective talents and exertions of the performers deserved. Yet there have been many pieces exceedingly well got up and acted, particularly the laughable farce of the *Green Eyed Monster*, taken from the *petite comédie* of *Les Deux Jaloux*, in which the character of Baron Spyrhhausen was admirably sustained by Burton on Monday night for Mr. Clifford's benefit. Burton, who is a universal favourite, was honoured with the public patronage to the tune of 112*l.* and we shall be glad to find that Mr. Serle, who is also an excellent actor, is equally successful, for he well deserves the applause which always crowns his efforts.

both in tragedy and comedy. Mr. Serle took for his benefit a New Way to pay Old Debts, The Bashful Man, and Love in Humble Life.

BRISTOL.

Monday April 27. Miss Love concluded a very successful engagement at this theatre, on which occasion she sustained the principal characters in the following popular pieces: *Sublime and Beautiful*; *Love in Wrinkles*; *Home, Sweet Home*; the performance being for her benefit. In the course of the evening she sang many favourite and popular airs in a delightful manner and the whole entertainment appeared to give much gratification to a numerous and fashionable audience.

Tuesday May 19. We have for some time understood that a negociation was on the ' tapis ' between the proprietors of the Bath theatre and the friends of Mrs. Macready for the Bristol theatre, and it is with the deepest regret we learn that it has failed. At the time the managers had but one company to pay for, two such large towns could afford to give larger salaries, and therefore a better and more respectable set of performers, than when divided they are able to keep. At that time the Bath and Bristol stage as they were collectively called, was considered a nursery for the London boards, and some of the most eminent performers of the last and commencement of the present century, made their *debut* in the Bristol company.

We have been shorn of those laurels since the cupidity of one or two of the proprietors led to a separation of the theatres. Poor Watson was the first martyr who suffered, and though the high, honourable, and upright character of poor Macready, with the experience of a long and tedious theatrical career, enabled him to steer safely through the shoals and quicksands that surrounded him; with all his industry, his integrity, his economy, and last, though not least, his perseverance, we fear that he has left his

family but a poor fortune for the remainder of their voyage.

We hear that Mr. Brunton, who is to succeed him, has acted with the greatest spirit and ability in his management of the Plymouth theatre; but we fear he will find that spirit and ability is not all that is requisite to ensure success. It is said that he will enter on his first campaign with a very numerous and effective *corps dramatique*, which he must keep up. We cordially hope he may succeed; but he will find he has engaged in a very hazardous undertaking.

This theatre closed on Friday night, *May 15*, for the season. The play was *Damon and Pythias*, in which the celebrated Mr. Macready performed the part of Damon; he sustained this character with his usual ability, and drew repeated bursts of applause from a highly respectable audience. After the performance he delivered the following appropriate address, which was received with the most decided marks of approbation:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

It has been usual to distinguish the concluding night of each season by a public acknowledgement of the patronage conferred on it; the testimony of my respect to you, and to the memory of the dear relative who lately directed your amusements I have taken on myself, as a melancholy inheritance, the fulfilment of this his customary duty.

"In the name of his family in general, in whom the spirit of his gratitude still exists, of all to whose affection his many excellent qualities had endeared him, I have to thank you for the liberal support and indulgent opinion with which (during a period of ten years) you cheered and stimulated his efforts in your service.

"On the part of the widow, in particular, I am instructed to repeat to you, that she entertains the most grateful recollections of your kindness, which was a great solace and assistance to her in the latter hours of her affliction.

"It having been considered expedient for her to transfer the controul of the theatre to other hands, she anxiously desires to entrust the charge to a gentleman from whose character for liberality, judgment, and attentions to the respectability of the establishment, the patrons of the drama may expect a system of management worthy the continuance of their protection and encouragement. Should such an arrangement take place, suffer me, on her behalf, to presume to hope that, in the distribution of your favours hereafter, she may still be permitted to retain some claim on your sympathy, and derive some comfort from the conviction that the merits of him we lament will not be quite forgotten.

"The performers, ladies and gentlemen, beg to return their best thanks for the share they have obtained of your approbation and patronage. Unwilling as I am to intrude my individual feelings on this occasion, I may at least assure you of my sincere participation in the grateful sentiments I have expressed for others, and be allowed respectfully to add my voice to their general wishes for your prosperity."

Mr. Macready delivered the address very impressively; and in a manner highly creditable to his feelings.

BIRMINGHAM.

Monday, April 27. Henry the Fourth, Roman Actor, and the Mountaineers. Mr. Downton appeared as the fat knight, and it certainly was a rich treat to the admirer of the drama. Mr. Vandenhoff has seldom appeared to more advantage than in the character of Hotspur. It was his benefit, and a very full house might have added something to his usually spirited acting. He looked the ardent Henry Percy. His best hit was reading the letter. Mr. Vining as Prince Hal. was very little to our taste, he improved as he went on, and finally rose to much energy; but in tavern scenes there was too much familiarity, or rather too little of the dignity, which the beams of birth cast upon the lowest situations.

Wednesday April 29. Home Sweet Home, Giovanni in London, &c. Miss Love drew a very large house; indeed, we think the best for the season.

Friday May 1. Henry IV. and the Magpie or the Maid; a very crowded house for the benefit of Mr. Downton. This closed the season, and while we express our regret at its lack of profit to the lessee, we must say that this arose from no defect in the management, no fault in the company, but we believe from the want of money, a want growing more general in this town.

POETRY AND SONGS.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a new Edition of Shakspeare.

Accept, sweet maid, each scene that
Shakspeare drew;
Scenes whose great lessons may improve
e'en you.

Tempest.

Behold your image in his Tempest
shewn,

For sure Miranda's spotless mind's your
own.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Let false Verona's rake your anger
move;

But spare his friend, who boasts a constant
love.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

To check your mirth though prudish
matrons try,

With Mistress Ford in harmless frolics
vie.

Measure for Measure.

Like Isabel, on virtue found your
pleasure;
Quit like for like, give Measure still for
Measure.

Comedy of Errors.

With Adriana's be your rage suppress'd,
For life's a scene of errors at the best.

Much Ado about Nothing.

From Claudio's scorn and injur'd Hero's
shame,
Learn what small slips o'erturn a wo-
man's fame.

Love's Labour Lost.

Go, try their tempers; lovers some-
times roast,
Like Rosaline, whose labour was not
lost.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Like Hermia, rather from a parent
part,
Than yield your person, and withhold
your heart.

Merchant of Venice.

Wise Portia's caskets, ere you wed,
employ;
Who chuse for riches ne'er will give
you joy.

As you Like It.

And when your point, like Rosalind,
you've carried,
Strive not to wear the breeches when
you're married.

Taming the Shrew.

Still Katherine's conquer'd passions
keep in view,
Ere some Petruchio comes to tame a
shrew.

All's Well that Ends Well.

And when your graces have a Bertram
warn'd,
Think no bad husband is a rake re-
form'd.

Twelfth Night.

When Belch or Ague-cheek for love
applies,
Detest the drunkard, and the fool de-
spise.

Winter's Tale.

Never of your husband's friend too
fond appear;
Leontio's jealousy may else be near.

Macbeth.

And lest ambition blast your peaceful
life,
Behold the end of Cawdor's guilty wife.

King John.

Of love maternal mark the influence
mild,
When widow'd Constance weeps o'er
her murder'd child.

King Richard II.

Through changing fortunes let thy
faith be seen;
A bright example shines in Richard's
queen.

King Henry IV. 2 parts.

And if a soldier you should chance to
marry,
Know, while he's absent, you at home
must tarry.

King Henry V.

Like t'other Kate her faultering lover
blame;
Half French, half English; honest
love's the same.

King Henry VI. 3 parts.

O'er pious Henry serious tribute pay,
But make your husband kiss as well as
pray.

King Richard III.

Yet clasp no statesman, Gloster-like,
too close;
Soon cloy'd, they will give poor Lady
Anne a dose.

King Henry VIII.

And know, like Boleyn, should you
match above you,
The great may marry, but not long
will love you.

Coriolanus.

No patriot Marcius take; their faith's
but brittle;
They love their country much, their
wives but little.

Julius Cæsar.

To Portia's actions, all but one, aspire;
For what is drinking drams, but swallowing fire.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Hate spendthrift Anthonies, who cram
the fair,
And make them drink the pearls they'd
rather wear.

Timon of Athens.

To no grave Timon be your favour
shewn;
He ne'er can love your sex who hates
his own.

Titus Andronicus.

No cook like Andronicus deign to try,
Whose great ambition was to raise—a
pye.

Troilus and Cressida.

Nor e'er, like Cressid, wanton girl, be
led
By some old Pander to a lawless bed.

Cymbeline.

Accept no Posthumus, content to roam;
Such send their spies to tempt a wife
at home.

King Lear.

Your dearest children's wavering duty
fear,
Nor give up all your wealth, like beg-
gar'd Lear.

Romeo and Juliet.

But let some Romeo that soft nature
move,
Mix with thy soul, and yield thee love
for love.

Hamlet.

In each rude Hamlet's bosom scorn a
part,
Whose only triumph is to break your
heart.

Othello.

And all black husbands—they're
enough to fright one—
May you long live happy with a—white
one.

BARCAROLLE.

MASANIELLO.

Behold! how brightly breaks the morn-
ing;

Though bleak our lot, our hearts are
warm.

To toil inur'd, all danger scorning,
We hail the breeze, or brave the
storm.

Put off, put off, our course we know;
Take heed, take heed, and whisper low;
Look out, and spread your nets with
care,

The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

Chorus.

Put off, put off, &c. &c.

Away, though tempests darken o'er us,
Boldly still we'll stem the wave:

Hoist, hoist all sail, while shines be-
fore us

Hope's beacon-light, to cheer the
brave.

Put off, put off, our course we know;
Take heed, take heed, and whisper low;
Look out, and spread your nets with
care,

The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

Chorus.

Put off, put off, &c. &c.

SONG.

MASANIELLO.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek
How oft I've felt the tear-drop steal-
ing,

When those mute looks have told
the feeling

Heaven denied thy tongue to speak.
And thou had'st comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

And now, alas! I weep alone;
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears
awaken,

Trembling for thy fate unknown.
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

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Drawn by Rob^t Cruickshank, and Engraved by Rich^d Sawyer.

MR. MATTHEWS & MISS FOOTE,
as Jonathan Oldskirt & Fanny in
Who wants a Guinea.

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